

FORAKER FALLS FLAT AT FIRST

While Sherman Gallops Easily Around All the Bases.

ONE INNING PLAYED

In the Great Game for the Senatorial Championship of Ohio.

THE GOVERNOR'S BUBBLE BURST

But He Clings to Hope, Despite Laylin's Victory for Speaker.

Cincinnati's Tammany Falls in the First Round of an Important Mill-Coxism Considered Dead—Great Excitement at Sherman Headquarters When the News From the Caucus Was Received—Secretary Foster Telegraphs His Congratulations to the Great Financier—Foraker Declares He Is Not Discouraged—Sherman Feeling Very Comfortable—No Figures to Give Out.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 2.—The Foraker bubble has been pricked. The Foraker boom has collapsed. The South Sea enterprise to the Republican party of Ohio on John R. McLean's other paper, the Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette, has gone up the spout. Hamilton county's Tammany has been snuffed under Mr. Laylin, of Huron, is Speaker of the House, and sou-lins McGrew, who went back on the speech he made for John Sherman when nominated by the Clark county convention, has gone to the honeydew.

Ohio rejoices over the gang's downfall, and a great nation is happy that the unholy conspiracy to "down" Sherman got a setback in the first round of the great Senatorial mill. Senator Sherman will now be an easy winner, and the ex-Governor was so knocked out and disgraced in the preliminary skirmish that he will hardly be able to come to time when the great battle of the joint caucuses comes on. The veteran Senator is fresh as a lark and in fine form for the fray, but the ex-Governor, sent reeling to grass by the action of the Senate and House caucuses, is in no shape to continue the contest.

Ohio Republicanism to the Front

The fight is practically over, and the country Republicans have determined not to put the Ohio Legislature into the hands of the Cincinnati conspirators to carry out the behests of its Tammany gang. Coxism is dead in Ohio. Ohio Republicanism, as exemplified in Grant, Hayes and Garfield, once more comes to the front and relegates to the rear the latter-day saints who had seized the party organization in Cincinnati, and only put on the garb of Republicanism the better to serve Satan and prey upon the taxpayers. The buccannery and the slum politicians of the Queen City have had an hectic that will purify the politics of Hamilton county and put the party organization there into decent hands.

Never in the legislative history of this State was such a desperate attempt made to gobble up the General Assembly and make it an annex to a gang whose only counter-part is the Tammany of New York. Redemption and regeneration have come to Ohio Republicanism and its organization is stronger now than ever, for the sloughing off of the gang has given the party a renewed lease of life with brighter hopes and prospects.

The Senator's Ranks Inevitable

Attempted bribery, open intimidation and malicious criticism all failed to break the Sherman ranks, and the veteran Senator's chief lieutenant, the able, popular and scholarly Laylin, of Huron, garden spot of the Western Reserve, is the Speaker of the Seventieth House.

Very favorably," replied the Senator, in a quiet assurance which gave evidence that his friends, like his enemies, regarded the battle as practically fought and won. "The Speakership contest," continued, "has been, it is generally conceded, fought upon Senatorial lines. Three or four of my friends voted for Mr. McGrew, and three or four of Governor Foraker's friends voted for Laylin. Both sides were equally divided, and each naturally had personal friends who voted for him on personal grounds. But the great body of Republicans voted for Sherman, and I consider that the interchange of votes was about equal, so that approximately the House might be said to contain 34 Foraker and 36 Sherman votes. In the Senate I think it will be and is conceded that a very large majority—some say nearly 2 to 1—are largely to me.

"What do you expect your majority to be in the joint caucuses?" "Oh, I can't say as to figures," replied the Senator with a pleasant smile of confidence, "but I expect to be nominated, and I do not know that the figures are at all material."

"When do you expect the Senatorial caucus to be held?" "I do not know. That is a matter with which I have nothing at all to do. It is settled by the members of the two Houses themselves."

Sherman and Foraker at the Capital. Senator Sherman will spend Sunday in this city. It is generally understood that the Senatorial joint caucus will not be held until after the close of Thursday of next week, so that the decisive result cannot be known till that time. Ex-Governor Foraker is still in the city, and will probably be present on Thursday of next week, but the three-fourths of the Assembly are left to their homes to-night, but the active lieutenants of both Sherman and Foraker will remain on the ground.

At the caucus of the Republican Senators this afternoon Senator Elbert L. Lammson, of Ashland, was unanimously selected for proxy pro tempore, and the other candidates were previously withdrawn. Lammson is claimed by both the Foraker and Sherman men, but thus far he has failed to declare himself. The same is true of the five or six other doubtful members, and it will not define their position until after the organization of the two Houses next Monday.

SACRIFICED TO OIL

Two Men Blown to Atoms by a Terrible Nitro-Glycerine Explosion.

PINNED DOWN BY A BOARD

Willow Grove Magazine the Scene of the Great Disaster.

MEN ARE PICKED UP PIECEMEAL

Of the Two a Scant Five Pounds Was All That Could Be Found.

KERNAN SAVED BY A PAIR OF GUM BOOTS

The first nitro-glycerine explosion in the history of Allegheny county occurred at Willow Grove yesterday afternoon. It came like the crash of impending doom. Men fell palsied at their work, and on the highways pedestrians were overturned so great was the concussion. Two lives were sacrificed to the god of oil. Their names were John M. Fair and George Conday, while Thomas Irwin was seriously injured and is now at Mercy Hospital. There are but slight chances of his recovery.

TWO ROGUES RECAPTURED

ONE OF THEM IS DEAD, THOUGH, AND THE OTHER DYING.

Cold and Hunger Carry Off a Wealthy and Well-Known Thief—A Double Boy Murderer Cannot Long Survive—A Rigorous Old-Time Winter in Wyoming.

CHEYENNE, WYO., Jan. 2.—[Special.]—Two of the three prisoners who overpowered a deputy and escaped from the county jail here New Year's eve have been recaptured. One is dead, the other dying. They are King and the wealthy and well-known thief, and Charles Miller, the boy double murderer. King is dead, succumbing to cold and hunger. That he should perish before his companion is astonishing, as he was a plianster, while the blood-thirsty juvenile alive lived in town. They were found in a ravine by a volunteer posse of cowboys. Miller was being taken to the hospital, and King in an effort to keep warm, and hailed his capturers as rescuers. It has been found in this section for four days and nights. The man was found in a ravine, and his body was frozen. The man had money, but being in a section which King had long preyed upon, he was afraid to make a ranch. They were less than three miles from the jail. King was a refugee from Missouri and Texas, who settled in Nebraska, a few miles off the Wyoming line. Four years ago he was caught by the sheriff of Hamilton county, and was sentenced to the penitentiary. He was kidnapped by a posse under an officer from here, and, being convicted, was sentenced for eight years. He was worth \$100,000. Miller was a young man, a sentimentalist, took a motion for a new trial to the Supreme Court.

DANCE STOPPED BY A FRIER

A New Jersey New Year Frolic Brought to a Sudden Close.

BRICK CROUCH, N. J., Jan. 2.—[Special.]—The Young Men's Catholic Union, of Orange Valley held an anniversary reception in Temperance Hall, Thursday night. Many friends of the union were present, and the music furnished the supply of refreshments to the best of their ability. At 12 o'clock the dancers, against the wishes of Rev. William M. R. Callan, pastor of Our Lady of the Valley Church, began to wait in an appearance and departed. The church people in the enjoyment of a round dance. The church prohibits waltzing, and Father Callan never condones a breach of any rule. The dancing was stopped by a priest, and the music furnished the supply of refreshments to the best of their ability. At 12 o'clock the dancers, against the wishes of Rev. William M. R. Callan, pastor of Our Lady of the Valley Church, began to wait in an appearance and departed. The church people in the enjoyment of a round dance. The church prohibits waltzing, and Father Callan never condones a breach of any rule. The dancing was stopped by a priest, and the music furnished the supply of refreshments to the best of their ability.

WHIPPED BY A WOMAN

A Newark Society Lady Thrashes a Man Who Follows Her About.

NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 2.—[Special.]—A tall, stately blond, fashionably attired, created a scene early this evening at the corner of Ferry and East Mechanic streets, by vigorously whipping a heavy-whiskered man across the shoulders and face of an elderly man who vainly tried to escape. The rising moon showed a great gaping wound in the hillside, which the snow had partially tried to hide. It was fully 30 feet in diameter and 15 feet deep. The terrific force had torn out tons of earth and rock and when weary of the sport had dropped them further down the valley.

Picked Up the Men in Pieces

Of the magazine or tin that held the explosive nothing was to be seen. Around within a radius of 200 feet the remains of the two victims had but a short time before been picked up piecemeal. Both had been steady, specimens of manhood. John M. Fair, conceded by all to have been the most expert "shooter" in the world, was full 6 feet in height and weighed 185 pounds. His face was round and full but yet with features strongly marked. He was one of the men that when once seen are always remembered, and he had a kindly word for everybody. He was 35 years old and had spent his life in the business and received the largest salary of any "shooter" in America, or in the world. The other, George Conday, was 25 years old and came from Ireland. He had worked for years with nitro-glycerine, and was regarded as a safe man. He weighed 225 pounds, yet when the remains were gathered up there were a scant five pounds of both. A little paper sack held all that was mortal of both men. The largest piece was three joints of a backbone and another was a pair of trousers. Even the bones had been blown away. A peculiar feature was that the flesh was bloodless and dry, all the moisture forced out by the awful shock. It was on such a scene as this these three men looked. It is said corporations have no souls, but as he looked at the wreck a tear stole down Superintendent Dennison's cheek and glistened in the moonlight, for Fair had been his life-long friend. Yet he was not the only mourner. In McDonald, where the earth has yielded up a thousand fortunes, and where the tall derricks raise their crests like church spires reared to Mammon, even

GRAVES IS GUILTY

The Jury Takes a Little Over Two Hours to Determine That Fact.

SILENCE IN THE COURT

Broken Only by a Sigh Escaping From the Murderer's Wife.

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One of Commotion and Disorder That Was Hard to Quell.

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A Study in the Women's Actions

The female portion of the audience was indeed a study, and many old ladies who would have seemed more in place at home than in the court, were gaily gesticulating with the younger visitors. Some were sympathetic, while others could not refrain from expressing their disappointment at the just verdict, and in pronouncing the doom of the aged prisoner, one of the most active persons, and also one of the most unsteady, was John H. Conrad, the prosecuting attorney in the case and son-in-law of the deceased. His conduct attracted considerable doubt as to what the verdict would be, but was impatient as to its coming.

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Immediately after the verdict was read, Dr. Graves was seen by THE DISPATCH correspondent. "Well, I don't seem to be well," he said, "but I have had a very good verdict. It is not unexpected, but I got to make the best of it. I don't very well see how Judge Furman's motion for a new trial could be granted, and you have no idea what a terrible thing this verdict is, in the eyes of God I am innocent—but what other result could I expect, with \$2,000,000 and the Pinkerton Detective Agency against me?"

A Most Expensive Trial. At this juncture a deputy sheriff came, and with the defendant left for the Vallejo Hotel, where, after getting a small hand satchel, a carriage was called, and both officer and murderer left for the county jail, where a nice warm room had been kept for the defendant. The trial has been something enormous. It has lasted nearly six weeks. John Conrad, the prosecuting witness, has expended almost \$50,000, while the defendant has spent at least half that sum.

That the fight for a new trial will be a bitter one is evidenced by the remarks of the defendant's counsel, Judge Furman, who to-night said: "As a lawyer I have no doubt, God above us, this man will never hang. Mark my words. We will fight for a new trial, if we die in the attempt." Judge Furman was seen late to-night. He said: "We had no difficulty in reaching a verdict. Court adjourned at 6:55 o'clock. We then went to supper, returning to our rooms about 7:45. We talked the matter over for a few moments, and then commenced balloting. The first ballot was 1 for acquittal and 11 for conviction. Five more ballots, and all were unanimous."

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Superintendent Dennison investigated the whole affair and everything showed the explosion was purely accidental. He made arrangements for the funeral which will be held at West Monterey on Monday. Speaking of the accident he said: "This is the first accident the company has had since it was organized, and though over 60 men were not had a death toll. People fear nitro-glycerine. It is dangerous, but taking into consideration the number of men employed and the lives are lost than on the railroads. Take even 20 men who work together on a railroad, and you can't trace their history two years without recording a death. In this business the deaths are few and far between. Just think of the hundreds of tons of the explosive used here, and yet here are the first fatalities. It is not that the men are careless, but that what he has to say will be recorded later. It was also found that no one but these three were injured."

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A NEW TRIAL AT ONCE DEMANDED

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH DENVER, CO., Jan. 2.—At 9:45 o'clock to-night the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree against the late Mrs. Barry.

The accused had entered the court room half an hour before the jury came in with the verdict, and although his expression was one akin to pain, he made a desperate but futile effort to appear calm, and the smile that occasionally appeared upon his face was